Mooreditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeed the moſt comparatiue raſcallieſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet to.

Prince. Thou didſt wel, for wiſedom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings ſonne in Chriſtendom.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow-Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one; an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, t'is my vocation *Hal*, t'is no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poynes, nowe ſhall we knowe if Gads hill haue ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed ſtand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy ſoule that thou ſouldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold capons legge?

Prince. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the deuill ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines

Poynes. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word
diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for cooſening the di

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by
clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to
burie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London
purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes
ſelues, Gadſhill lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpo
per to morrow night in Eaſtcheape: we may doe it as
ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of c
if you will not, tarie at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarrie at home and g
i'le hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſtie, manhood, nor good fel
in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if tho
not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my dayes i'le be a madca

Falſt. Why that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, i'le tarrie at home.

Falſ. By the lord, i'le be a traitor then, when thou a

Prin. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and me alon
lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion,
the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may mo
what he heares, may be beleeued, that the true prince
recreation ſake) proue a falſe thiefe, for the poore abuſe
time want countenance: farewel, you ſhal find me in Ea

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallowne-ſ

Poin. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs
row, I haue a leaſt to execute, that I cannot mannag
Falſtalffe, Harvey, Roſsill, and Gadſhil, ſhal rob thoſe m
ve haue already way-laid, your ſelfe and I will not be
and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not ro
cut this head off from my ſhoulders.